

*Libbie R. Lloyd*  
*Feb 8/13 Cal.*

# The Gateway

JANUARY, 1913

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*Published by*  
THE STUDENTS UNION  
UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA  
*Vol. 3 No. 4*

# University of Alberta

EDMONTON

SESSION 1912-13

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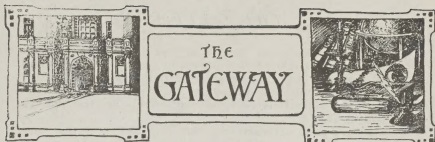
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Vol. III.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA

No. 4.

Published by the Students' Union of the University of Alberta

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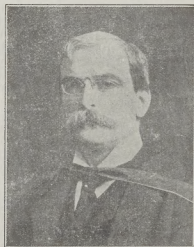
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ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, payable in advance, \$1.00; Extra copies 10c.

SINGLE COPIES 15c.



PRINCIPAL, PETERSON.

December 7th, 1912.

THE GATEWAY,  
University of Alberta.

I can manage a New Year's greeting but doubt if I can run to an article. Besides I always thought that we in Montreal were the Gateway of the Dominion: how have you managed to transplant it to Edmonton?

More seriously, let me thank you for the opportunity you give me of sending a McGill message to former students now with you, and also of expressing to the whole student body at Edmonton our best wishes for their welfare and success. We regard your University as very closely related through President Tory to old McGill.

I have no doubt that President Tory has given you some account of the Imperial Universities Congress which we attended together in London in July. Delegates from fifty-three universities taking council together, presented a living picture of that unity and solidarity of interests which ought to be an inspiration to us. It is a favorite recollection of mine that the federation, in sentiment at least, of the British Empire, may owe much to our universities. They have the same aims both in the home land and in Dominions over seas, and if they can come to understand each other better as the result of such conferences as I have referred to above a great end will be gained.

Meanwhile if I were to say a word in the way of a message to the students of the University of Alberta, and had to select a seasonable topic, I would exhort them to study carefully and to express themselves fearlessly as to the situation created by the proposals of the Dominion Government at Ottawa in regard to the naval question. Personally I rejoice in the action which has been taken. Of course there may have been other ways of attaining the same end with something to be said for every one of us; but the important thing is that we shall do something at long last. It is indeed regrettable that at this stage of the world's history such expenditure should still have to be considered necessary. But we have to consider what has happened so unexpectedly in Eastern Europe, and to realize that no good comes from crying "Peace, peace," when there is no peace! I belong to all the Peace Societies on this continent but still have some belief that the strong man armed is after all the best guaranty for peace. Let us hope that it may turn out so in this case; for peace is the greatest of the world's interests.

No doubt much remains to be done. We have to face the problems that this action of our government forces upon our attention. What Mr. Borden has proposed is only a temporary expedient. It is useless to object that he has not proved that "emergency" exists. Every one knows the facts as set forth in the British Admiralty Memorandum knows that an emergency could easily be created by hostile powers. The great thing is, it seems to me, that we in Canada have shown we do not wish any longer to be governed by the arguments of those who are always trying to find a reason for doing nothing.

In the interval that is now before us during which we shall have to be considering what our permanent policy is to be, we can face all the problems that this action of our government devolves upon us,—the problem, for example, of how to secure an adequate measure of representation and control in



connection with Canadian expenditure. But these things take time, and time is of the essence of contract in this case.

I never could agree with Mr. Bourassa, for example, who urges that we ought to reconstruct the whole constitution of the British Empire before taking action on the line of Imperial defence. The proposals of the government at Ottawa are more helpful and more sympathetic; they enable us from now on to take our rightful place in the family of nations that make up the Empire.

With all good wishes, I am,

Yours truly,

W. PETERSON,

Principal.



### OUR ALMA MATER, PROPOSED BY MISS THATCHER.

There has fallen to my lot tonight the honor of proposing a toast to our Alma Mater. More especially ought we to honor her at this festive season since it is she who provides us with the greatest feast of all.

She places before us the tough but wholesome meat of Euclid and Science; she showers upon us the fruits of all the ages gathered out of every land and she steeps us in the sparkling wine of poetry. Her praises need hardly here be extolled for we know her merits full well.

## The World At Large

We have refrained thus far from airing our views about the naval policy which has been adopted by His Majesty's ministry at Ottawa. The approval and the spleen of the daily papers have been vented with due regard to the political attachments or ambitions of their respective proprietors, and the Christmas vacation has checked the flow of half-hearted invective that Sir Wilfrid turned on (after deciding in caucus that some could be obtained) from the Opposition benches. We do not even hear the naval policy of the Government discussed in the street-car or the smoking room. Are these omens good or bad? We venture to suggest that they are good. Our capacity for protracted discussion of political questions is not as yet very great, but in the tacit acceptance of Mr. Borden's policy by the people of Canada we venture to see rather more than the reflection of an immature political capacity or judgment. After all the principle of the bill was discussed three years ago and accepted by both parties in Parliament, as it was and is by the country as a whole. Common sense and patriotism alike are its apologists. The Liberal administration then in power, having adopted the principle, gave it expression in a policy which was sufficiently farcial to provide the "Eye Opener" with copy and cartoons for many moons, we but reproduce the style of our esteemed contemporary, a policy which may have been politically expedient for a government which found its majority in constituencies vulnerable to the oratorical explosives in which Mr. Bourassa takes his pastime. The first point we notice about the naval bill is that it is a business-like proposal, to all appearances expressing not only the adherence of the government to the principles laid down three years ago, but also its serious intention of applying them to present conditions. Apparently the government has been humble enough to take as well as ask the advice of those who are in a position to know the real need of the moment, those who are entrusted with the naval defence of the Empire. Such is the authority which vouches for the soundness of the proposals of the bill. As for their moderateness—the debates in Parliament, including Sir Wilfrid's own admissions, are sufficient evidence. In point of expenditure the policy of the government is much less ambitious than that contained (if so hollow a scheme can be dubbed a policy) in the counter-proposals of Sir Wilfrid, which have the virtue of consistency with his former policy—they are equally grandiose and impracticable. Doubtless it would be very pleasant to have a large and self-sufficient Canadian navy built in Canadian yards and patrolling Canadian waters. We admire the optimism — or is it the hardihood? — which enables him to forecast the growth of a Canadian shipbuilding industry and a population of Canadian seamen within a few years. But we fear that it is not these matters which are uppermost in the

minds of the leaders of the opposition. The real point of their contention is the old autonomy "gag," and it has fallen flat in Parliament and in the country for the very good reason that no one values or concedes our autonomy more fully than the present government and the Colonial office.

"If Canada and the other Dominions of the Empire are to take their part as nations in the defence of this Empire as a whole, shall it be that we, contributing to that defence of the whole Empire, shall have as citizens of this country absolutely no voice in the councils of the Empire? I do not think that such would be a tolerable condition. I do not believe that the people of Canada would for one moment submit to such a condition."

Mr. Borden's words in the House took what wind remained in the somewhat flabby sails of the policy of the late government and its leaders; he has stolen Sir Wilfrid's thunder, and Sir Wilfrid, recognizing his own parlour-tricks, has been gracious enough to compliment the younger man on his proficiency. As the official mouthpiece of the opposition he has had to go back on himself, but we cannot manage to take him very seriously. The professional opposition seems to have become a necessary nuisance in our political system.

Of course this whole question is related to the more important one of the necessity of parties in our political machine. The English press is full of protests from thinkers and statesmen of all parties, protests against the remarkable fashion in which party allegiance has so frequently outweighed patriotic or statesmanlike considerations in recent struggles. Mr. Belloc and Mr. Chesterton set the fashion in their indictment of the party system; Lord Roseberry's article in "The Review of Reviews" for December is a more recent and more interesting statement of the case.

At Westminster the government goes worrying along with its overweighted programme, and the opposition with its overweighted objections, not to mention its domestic troubles. Trade, however, is good, and the British workman realizes that after all his salvation is not entirely in the hands of the politicians, and as it is Christmas he forgives them their vagaries. Besides, they do provide interesting copy for the ha'penny press.

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It is a very good sign to find the "world at large" taking a serious interest in the problem of the effect upon the future Canadian nationality of the indiscriminate character of our immigration; but we doubt if the Old Country is so much to blame for the Central European hordes that have come into the West. The blame lies with the emigration agencies, the

## I Wonder

I stand in the gate of the great To Be,  
And view the vast Unknown;  
That stretches forever away from me  
And loses itself in Eternity;  
And my heart feels strangely lone  
As I wonder what is awaiting me out there among the years.

Somewhere there lies on that mighty plain  
A path that I must trace.  
Is it a pathway of pleasure or pain;  
Of power or weakness; of ease or of strain;  
That winds away through space,  
To some mystical goal that hidden lies beyond those valleys  
of fears?

There's a dark, winding river that awful flows  
Across that dusky plain;  
As it silently, stealthily onward goes,  
It crosses all pathways and nobody knows  
Where their paths take on again:  
They are drifted away into mystery for that is the River  
of Death.

Men say there are valleys immeasurably deep  
Hidden on that plain;  
That rocks wildly jutting and cliffs bold and steep  
O'erhang murky waters that hungrily creep  
Awaiting the silly and vain—  
Opportunities grand to develop oneself; but those streams  
feed the River of Death.

And tempests and whirlwinds and sudden fogs  
Are always due to arise;  
Into sunlightless forests and bottomless bogs  
Through treacherous marshes, o'er slippery logs  
They hustle mankind in surprise;  
They are wild winds of passion, and mists of misfortune:  
they burst from the clearest skies.

And vales richly flowered sheltering bowers of ease  
Are lying here and there,—  
And groves with sweet fountains that cool the soft breeze  
Where murmurings, warblings and rustling of trees  
O'er-burden the sweet-laden air:  
They are regions of soft, cloying bliss where Ambition  
ceases its striving and dies.

Men say there's a haven of refuge out there,  
Beyond yon mist-robed hill;  
That a Lode-star to guide us hangs bright and bare  
While a tender Voice warns us of every snare:  
But qualms my being thrill,  
Lest the sights dull my eyes and sounds soothe my ears in  
that vast Plain of Life.

So I stand in the midst of Eternity  
And fear the vast Unknown;  
I come here from regions of mystery  
And go into realms of uncertainty  
Unguided and alone;  
But the faith must not waver, the courage not flinch in that  
stern stress and strife.

J. B.

---

## Editorial

The introduction of postal delivery on the south side reminds us of our advantages at the University. On first returning from a prolonged stay in the country where you walk, ride or swim five miles for the weekly mail you appreciate very much the facilities for getting and sending mail in Athabasca Hall; but as months pass by there gradually sinks into your consciousness the feeling that postal facilities are not what they seem. When you go up at 9 a.m. the office is closed, at 10 o'clock the mail is not sorted and at 11 the Head of the Extension Department is phoning and consequently there is room for no one else. Now it seems most unreasonable to suppose that a Freshman can give that earnest attention to his lecturer that he would like to give or enjoy his lunch with that profit to himself and corresponding loss to the dining-room which is wont to happen if he feels that possibly a letter from mother is calmly reposing in the "office" and likely to remain there till 1 p.m.

The members of the Faculty are in somewhat better position as their letters are sorted and placed in the library where they can be indexed—that of the bachelor members being placed under Fiction and mail of the married members under Bills and Accounts.

There seems to be an opportunity here for the Student Council. It should be possible to secure a drop-box in the front entrance and the mail for the students placed in the rotunda where there is sufficient room to turn around.

\* \* \*

Many honors now and then are relished by the science men.

The publication of the science finals will account for the air of enthusiasm and relief very noticeable in Athabasca Hall. The ease and grace with which the average man lands in the honor column is joyful to behold.

This year will see the first graduating class in Science and the University looks forward to seeing them do the same good work in the field that they have done in the class-room.



RAH! RAH!

"The hen stood on the river's brink  
And gave her college cry,  
Until a frog in pained surprise  
Politely asked her why?

She said, "Kind sir, you see that duck  
Out there upon the water?  
Well that's a winning college crew,  
And I'm its Alma Mater."

—A.B.





## Once Again

Once again we alter the figures on letter headings, etc., 1913!! Some of us are beginning to fear the stealthy yet persistent growth in value of that last pair of digits. No wonder! when we reflect that we were out of school before ciphers stood in their place; and, on the other hand, that we are still at the feet of the pedagogue. When shall the wings of intelligence have grown strong enough to lift us from these dead levels of the academic? How often we have stretched ourselves to soar, and discovered to our chagrin that we were yet but fledglings. When the figures change next we hope to be more ready for flight, nearer the time when (unless some unkind fate apply the shears) we shall rise to the sunlit hills of independent thought.

\* \* \*

There is perhaps a danger that theologists take themselves too seriously (if we do not, who will?) A too morbid self consciousness is to be avoided as being an indication of an unhealthy state of mind. Yet, in spite of the risk here run, we feel that the process of investigation evidenced by the articles on the ministry, which have appeared in these columns in recent issues, is good for us.

The fact that there are so many defections from our ranks, coupled with the constant cry of scarcity of men for the work of the church, is surely a matter calling for examination. It is gratifying to notice that the dominant note in the articles referred to was one of desire to be and do something worth while.

In this connection we observe that one of the larger churches of this city is again making use of our students in its pulpit. We feel that mutual benefit is to be derived from this course. In the more densely populated communities of older lands the churches regularly avail themselves of the help of students, thereby bringing the people into contact with the changing thought of the rising generation and at the same time giving the younger men exercise in their chosen sphere.

The thought has occurred to us, perhaps as an echo of early ideas, that there is nothing so stimulating to the ambition of a young man as to sit at the feet of those who have made an

unqualified success in that particular department of life to which one's ambitions are directed.

To sit under men whose souls are afire with a message and from whose lips the language receives additional grace, gives us novices an incentive to keep plodding along the weary way of preparation; for we believe preaching to be the first function of a Christian minister, though many would argue to the contrary.

We would be glad to hear more upon this subject.

\* \* \*

The appened report of the Oratory Contest was omitted last month for want of space. It is included in this month because we do not wish such an event to pass unnoticed.

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## Literary Society

The chance to speak is always welcome to the students of a Theological College, and this chance was provided two weeks ago when by the courtesy of an ex-student, R. H. M. Bailey, the Literary Society was enabled to offer a gold medal for oratory.

It was felt that a contest in which class representatives alone took place was not sufficient, so anyone who believed that he had in him the ability was permitted to compete. Twenty students availed themselves of this privilege, and five heats were arranged in the afternoons, judged by professors of the College. The winners of these heats were: Messrs. H. Bosomworth, K. Kingston, J. G. Rogers and C. E. Rogers. Mr. J. E. Collins, on account of the excellence of his address was recommended by the judges to be sent forward to the final heat. However, he decided not to enter. The other four struggled for the possession of the golden trophy on Friday evening Nov. 29th, before a large audience whose interest was intense. The uniform excellence of the speeches made it a difficult matter for the judges to decide. The medal was finally awarded to C. E. Rogers for his address on "Opportunity," H. Bosomworth coming a close second with his address on "General Booth." The other addresses of the evening were: K. Kingston on "Danton, the French Revolutionist," J. G. Rogers on "Canada and Imperial Union."

The judges of the evening were Doctors Broadus and Alexander of the University of Alberta, and Deputy Attorney General Clarry.

## A. C. Sports Column

Our last game of football for this season has been played, the tennis nets have been placed in their winter quarters, the hand-ball enthusiasts have been driven from their alley; but sport around A. C. has not by any means ceased. The sound of a dozen kettle drums beating time to nothing, which is heard overhead during the hours of recess, indicates that basket-ball is in full swing.

Considerable interest is being manifested in the Varsity College league games, which are being strenuously fought. These games should do much to bring about a better acquaintance between the students of the two institutions and to cement more closely the good feeling which already exists. It is too early in the series of games to conjecture regarding final results, but on present showing the 'Varsity Freshmen seem to be strong contestants for first place. We are thoroughly enjoying the fight though, and shall avail ourselves of the opportunity these encounters will give us or raising the standard of A. C. basketball.

We were glad the other day to see a game of basketball between the lady students of the University, and hope their interest in the pastime will be increased.

When women wish to rule the roost  
Why, then, no "Votes for Women!"  
But if basketball they wish to boost  
We yell, "Get in the swimmin'."

The skating rink is now in shape and the science of the glide is the order of the day. As we go to press the arrangements for lighting are being completed, and the devotees of the enticing puck will be able in a day or two to chase it to their hearts' content.

---

## Great Astronomical Observations

Professor X Y Z who has been for some time pursuing investigations at all hours of the night made a momentous astronomical discovery just recently.

He was returning after a long night's work when as he approached his domicile a strange sight met his eyes. Two of the most well known satellites, "Angelicas" and "Bonhomieus" were in conjunction. He knew that for some time their orbits had been in the same track but little dreamed that such a phenomenon as greeted his eyes would ensue.

Hurriedly drawing his telescope he began to make observations when an alarming noise was heard. It is thought that some strange celestial eruption took place. However, the satellites were suddenly parted, one going heavenward and the other entirely disappearing.

The learned professor is anxiously awaiting further manifestation which he says must happen in due course.

---

### MY VANITY GOWN

"A student said he gained renown  
And inspiration from his gown.  
By evening study, robed in state,  
He, surely, soon will graduate.  
As to the value of this tenet——  
'Tis well exemplified in B - - - t."

\* \* \*

Head first adown the laundry shute  
Nor did he stop to close the door;  
He hurt himself we "hae nae doot"—  
The janitor.

---

### MISERIMMUS ME!

(A fragment, supposed to have been written about the year 1912 A.D., by one immrued in Alberta College, Edmonton. The site of this great pile is a burning question among contemporary archaeologists.)

If any friend shall hear my plea  
And come with succor straight to me,  
I can "a lengthy tail unfold"  
Which "sure" will make his blood run cold.

I sit alone in dungeon damp  
And in the glow of study-lamp  
I ponder now on days of joy  
When years ago I was a boy.

Through greivous toils my way has led,  
My hopes in silent file have fled  
Back towards the glow behind me cast  
The dear, fair glow of days long past.

When I could laugh and shout and leap  
And could on "Murphy's" bosom sleep  
In calm repose. When dinner bell  
Meant pleasures, too. But now, oh well!

What doth it profit me to groan,—  
The fault, I doubt not, is my own.  
Little I thought when first I came  
To perish here without a name.

Summer supply on prairies wide  
I came in golden autumn-tide;  
Hope beating high within my breast,—  
But there! I need not tell the rest.

They took my money all away  
And "took me in." The following day  
And every day and week I trow  
Dragged out my life as it does now.

To sleep in halls of iceberg heat  
With frozen ears and chilblained feet;  
To creep to classes down below  
With famished hearts and footsteps slow.

No hope! no hope! the future lies  
In Acheron blackness to our eyes;  
No better fate appears ahead  
Save steering forthward towards the Dead.

So let us pass in Sleep away  
Nor face the bleak and barren day;  
Which brings no hope of sweet release  
But here in ceaseless sleep lies Peace.  
(For)

—KK..

---

(With apologies to author of Hymn 447 in Methodist Hymn  
Book.)

Watched by the Prof's malignant eye  
We, silent, pass to class or play;  
We meet him everywhere we hie,  
For we can go no other way.  
We ought on all our paths to go  
Like Eddy's matches, to and fro.

If in some room just down below  
A fearsome scrap is going on  
We hear soft steps approaching slow  
It is our time to cut and run;  
The proofs of worthy fear to give  
Lest he should learn how scholars live.

If in brief ecstasy and joy  
We knock the plaster off the walls  
If in a stentorian voice  
Some one for "order" loudly calls  
We must from out the window leap  
Would we our caution money keep.

—K. K.

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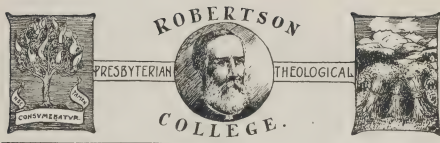
#### SPASMS OF A WOULD-BE POET

From murky grot the baleful sea-frog's scream  
Floats plaintive on the dank, miasmic air;  
The pale, pellucid wavelets glance and gleam  
Like frenzied fireflies in a harpy's hair.  
A horrid throbbing shakes the purple ground,

While rabbits run in circles round and round.  
The season's at its end; the ink is dry;  
The moon has set; the grass is rather green;  
While like a meteor hurtling through the sky  
My moral will at once be clearly seen,—  
In all its beauty; or perhaps 'twill not,  
Since there's no meaning in this awful rot.

I hope you will not think it merely trash,  
This vague effusion of an erring pen;  
It's worse than that, it's arrant balderdash,  
And may I never write such bosh again.  
But writing bosh is, after all, a great way  
Of filling out the pages of The Gateway.





## Scotland to the Rescue

Our impassioned appeals for copy have at last wrung out a response; and gratitude impels us to vacate the stage as soon as possible.

We pause only to address a word to the unknown who reported our *Conversazione* in the "Bulletin." Probably his intention was good; but restraint would have been better. Possibly he really thought that the refreshments were "delicious." If he did, we envy him; but, even so, one should not grow hysterical over a ham sandwich. Possibly, too, the singing really entranced him: if it did, he should, for his own sake, make a secret of his opinion. The affair was decent enough, as such things go; but to hash up the programme with a few sloppy superlatives, and to perpetrate the same where people might read it, is inexcusable.

(Exit Ed.)

(Enter M. S. Kerr, preceded by T. Sneddon, bearing a shield azure, festooned with a pibroch rampant or, and E. J. L. Mc; Bisson playing "Hieland Laddie" on a concertina.)

(Kerr loquitur.)

Dr. Denny says that some people do not believe in foreign missions; but they have no right to believe in foreign missions, for they do not believe in the Messiah. May I dare to add that some people do not believe in home missions; but they have no right to believe in home missions, for they do not believe in the Devil—I mean the personal Devil. You smile, my dear theologs, but that, let me whisper in your ears, is the reason why some of you think that the mission field makes no appeal to the heroic in young men, and why to you it is destitute of adventure or romance.

I confess myself, before I went out to the logging camps, I held rather Russellian views regarding the existence and personality of him, whom the poet has called "The Infernal Serpent." Seeing, however, is believing, and now I am back to my Milton and Burns. Let me tell you the story of my reformation.

After the ice and the session had broken up last spring, the wander lust seized me, and I became possessed by an insane desire to see the last of the Last Great West. A sympathetic convener found for me a field in Vancouver Island, and after all

the less sympathetic theologs had found for me all the discouragements they possibly could think of, I started westwards. I had hoped to find my field situated somewhere on the Pacific, as it was, however, I found it situated somewhere between that deep sea and the gentleman I have just been discussing. A stern Providence had decreed I was to learn something other than wave tiding in a canoe. But I must not digress.

I am now on the spot. With all the unsophisticatedness of a cheechawka (apologies to the Hudson's Bay Co. and Messrs. Herrick and Damon) I posted notices in camp, intimating service for Sunday morning. The morning arrived and so did I, hot and breathless dreading lest I should be a minute late; but I might have saved my breath to cool my porridge, as a vulgar Englishman would say, for I found the Dining Hall, in which I was to speak, as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard. Surely, I thought, there must be some misunderstanding. Probably the men had mistaken the hour. As I stood considering the situation, the sound of music flooded down through the firs from the bunkhouse. Could they have begun the service in anticipation of my arrival? I had almost concluded they had, but was immediately disillusioned when some one ran out and fell upon me for a waltz. I went inside, but not to dance. The sight of that bunkhouse, however, made me reel. It was dark and evil-smelling. Strings of old and odorous clothes hung from the rafters. Above me was suspended an unmentionable garment which inspired me with more dread than any Damoclean sword. If the bunks rose in tiers, metaphorically speaking, I sat down in them. When my eyes became accustomed to the gloom, I could see long layers of men packed as it were on these shelves, dead to the world; their sleeping potion keeping them close company. Those who had the floor were "absolutely fou." Over some rags I stumbled on to a bench; presently some one offered me a drink. I declined. "Mon Dieu," he cried, "You are the first logger ever I heard refuse a drink." I am afraid I broke the news to him rather sadly. "I am sorry for you," he hiccupped. That stung me. I jumped to my feet. Yes! I would preach, though the clothes line should fail.

Addressing the old stove for a pulpit I announced my subject as "The I.W.W." The revelry subsided. When they learned that I intended speaking on the man who wouldn't work, there were growls of disappointment. When they learned further I was speaking about the man who buried his talent in the earth, the interest subsided. In desperation to get an audience I took to saying desperate things. Very soon I succeeded in raising Cain and in a minute or two the Devil himself. He sat up in bed and glared at me like a cougar, but safe behind the stove I stared him back. Then he swore until the air was sulphurous. But I am not easily shocked; I remarked I had heard it done better. Then he threw his sleeping potion. It smashed on the stove and I laughed. Then he got up and made for me and I made for the door.

Enter Drummond playing "The Devil chased awa' the Sky Pilot."

## The Wauneita Society

We regret very much that an unfortunate combination of circumstances prevented this department from being represented in the December issue. It was not for want of material, for the Wauneitas led a busy life during the last weeks of the year 1912, and the mere record of their doings would have filled the pages allotted to us.

In this first issue in 1913 we would wish for all our readers every good that the year can bring. And for our fellow-students especially, success in the examinations that are close upon us. This year promises to be as full of activities as the last, but just here and now is perhaps a good time and place to put forward a plea for a more generally active interest in the Gateway on the part of the women-students. It is true that it is eagerly looked for, read, and criticised by all, and some of the criticisms though severe, we accept as being well deserved. But we would accept them with a better grace if those who make them did not stop short at the destructive work of fault-finding, but went on to do some constructive work along the line of helping. There are over thirty women students registered this year, and up to the present the work for these columns has been done by four individuals. This, we affirm, is not fair. There is surely enough of literary talent among us to make it possible to fill these pages with something worth while each month. Yet it is as much as we can do to get the reports from the various organizations in time for each issue. True, some material has been handed to us which we have refused to print, remembering our status as a department of a university magazine. Let us all try during this year to show our interest not only by subscriptions to the magazine but by contributions as well.

\* \* \*

### ELIZABETHAN TRAVEL

Now-a-days women and children travel and the stay-at-home is rare. If we are doubtful what to do when we arrive, or if we are ignorant of the language of the country, Cook or the Travellers' Aid Society or the Y.W.C.A. will give us all information. It is by the way humiliating to realize how dependent we all are nowadays on the people whose proud privilege it is to give us all information.

The Elizabethan on the other hand set out to gain information for himself—if adventure and gold and fighting can be called information. To the Elizabethan a voyage was as uncertain as life itself. He went out not knowing whether he went: the going was enough for him. If you had asked him why he went he would probably have said "For gold and adventure and to get the better of the Spaniard and to glorify God," for the Elizabethan was cheerfully frank in his avowal of mixed motives.

There seems to have been two sets of travellers' tales current in England during the days of Elizabeth. There were the sober unvarnished tales written by responsible men stating the facts and passing with delicate reticence over the dangers and privations; and there were also the highly colored tales told in inns and market places, winning credence because the hearers had no means of testing their truth and depending for their zest and flavor largely on the imagination of the teller. Such stories would men like Stephan and Trinculo bring home, of strange monsters with two heads and one body and four legs, stories quite different from the matter-of-fact statements of Hawkins, Cavendish and Hasleton.

It was this kind of story, partly true, partly exaggerated, which set Marlowe's mind aglow with images of richness and lavish splendor—

Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,  
 Resolve me of all ambiguities,  
 Perform what desperate enterprise I will?  
 I'll have them fly to India for gold;  
 Ransack the ocean for Orient pearl,  
 And search all corners of the new-found world  
 For pleasant fruits and princely delicates.

Travel to Marlowe was the means of gaining a wealth of beautiful and precious things, and it meant too a wonderful chance of rising to supreme power in a new, untried land. The Jew of Malta's lust for gold is equalled by Tamburlaine's "thirst for reign and sweetness of a crown." Both are symptoms of a great expansion of thought and ambition contributed to by the westward voyages of the Elizabethans.

"All," says Tamburlaine,  
 "have aspiring minds;  
 Our souls whose faculties can comprehend  
 The wondrous architecture of the world,  
 And measure every wandering planet's course,  
 Still climbing after knowledge infinite,  
 And always moving as the restless spheres,  
 Will us to wear ourselves and never rest  
 Until we reach the ripest fruit of all,—  
 That perfect bliss and sole felicity,  
 The sweet fruition of an earthly crown."

#### TRAGEDY IN TWO PARTS

The pros. sat round the table square  
 Playing cards with gusto rare.  
 The game had waxed both loud and long—  
 Says Abe to Splinter, "Give's a song."

Then Fiji nods and yawning asks,  
"What's trump, Bow Wow, what's trump, I say?"  
Then Bow Wow barks and wags his head,  
"Diamonds are trumps, so strike me dead."

Yells Bobs, throwing boots at the door,  
"Shut up, Gas Plant, cut out that snore."  
Mepho: "Listen! what do I hear?  
Something's happening now I fear."

A low moan rising to a roar  
Is heard then from another floor.  
Boom! Zip! Bang! Smash!  
Hully Gee! What is that crash?

Fiji faints away with dread,  
And on the floor he whacks his head.  
Bow Wow runs for his little flask,—  
"What shall we do?" the others ask.

Then all to Fiji's aid they fly,  
While plaster hits them in the eye;  
Strains on the fiddle heard from above  
Grinding out the "Melody of Love."

Fiji's eyes begin to flutter,  
And he softly starts to mutter,—  
He moans "I cannot stand the strain,  
There go those blasted girls again."

## PART II.

The door of angel corridor  
Was opened on the second floor;  
In walked the Dean with awful looks,  
"Lights out," she said, "Away with books."

The mandate then was quickly obeyed,  
Soon with slumber were their eyelids weighed;  
A few hours later on that same night,  
The girls were wakened with awful fright.

Miss L—— creeps out and sniffs the air,  
"'Tis fire girls, 'tis fire, I swear!"  
Another poor victim heard her—  
"Horrors! girls, is someone murdered?"

A low moan rising to a roar,  
Is heard then from another floor.  
The piano is creaking and crying  
Holy Smoke! Is "Are" dying?

As down she sank to her downy cot  
 A maiden then her slumber sought;  
 And yawns, "I cannot stand the strain,—  
 There go those blooming profs. again."

\* \* \*

### HEARD ON THE CAMPUS

Freshmna—"Why, Miss B——, I'm so glad to see you out again. I heard you were very ill, and not likely to recover."

Miss B.—"How strange! what was supposed to be the matter?"

Freshman—"Perratonitis."

\* \* \*

We always knew that Love was blind, but have just discovered that he is also left-handed.

\* \* \*

The stoker is a marked man. Miss Sp-o-le froze her ear in the library Monday morning. January 13th—unlucky day.

\* \* \*

After the Wauneita meeting on Dec. 3, Mrs. Kerr invited the members to her home for afternoon tea. The cheerfulness shed by the lights were in great contrast to the cold and snowy out-of-doors. A delightful hour was spent chatting over the tea-cups interspersed with musical selections.

Mrs. Tory entertained the girls on the afternoon of Dec. 17. Mrs. Broadus, who has recently returned from England, and Mrs. Sheldon assisted the hostess.



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### CHRISTMAS AT ATHABASCA HALL

While the majority of students were able to spend the Christmas vacation amidst the comfort of the home circle, there were quite a dozen and a half who were forced to spend their Christmas in college. Let it not be thought, however, that although these could not form members in happy family re-unions this Christmastide, that consequently Christmas was for them one of gloom. Far from it. Never was a happier, merrier bunch of individuals than those who sat down on Christmas Day to the glorious repast generously provided by the powers that be. Ask them what expression Jack Parker's face bore as it peeped over the monstrous turkey upon which he was later to perform such valiant feats of carving. What magnificent, generous carving too did he accomplish! Ask Roy Jackson what he got when he sent his plate to be replenished. Ask our noble editor who as he was carried out and dumped into a luxurious chair in the rotunda, leaned back with a sigh of repletion and breathed forth faintly "And when I die, don't bury me at all, etc."

Then the glorious time spent in the rotunda before a blazing fire, with all rules off for the day! What a sight for the gods—Towerton's jovial face behind a cheap cigar, protesting that it was the finest he had smoked in his life, as if anyone could enjoy a cheap cigar and play bridge at the same time. Still many valiant feats were performed on that day.

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Great was the excitement every morning when the mail bag arrived. What a howl of fiendish glee when Towerton captured his second plum pudding from the Old Country and what a howl of exasperated disappointment from Jack P. when the long-expected missive failed to arrive. Again, who has heard the secret history of the black and red woollen slippers with the frivolous bows which were promptly cut off by the infuriated recipient? Ask George R.; he'll tell you, but take a club with you.

Altogether a happy fortnight was spent, the only drawback being that owing to the absurd arrangement which brings the Arts Finals after and not before the Christmas vacation, some students with an over-developed sense of duty, felt it was incumbent on them to do some work, as if thoughts of calculus, or philosophy should mar the glorious spirit that prevails at Christmas. What are holidays for, anyway? —A.E.E.

\* \* \*

### HOCKEY

The first match of the season was played on Christmas Day at the Strathcona rink.

Much to the surprise of the town people Varsity managed to put one over the Y.M.C.A. team. The game was a fine exhibition of hockey and was exciting from start to finish. In the first half the game was evenly played, both sides scoring four goals. Early in the second half Varsity put in a couple more. For the last twenty minutes the Y boys did all they could to even up, but the marvellous goal-keeping of Chubb prevented them. The Varsity team seemed to have fallen to pieces and only Lobston and Chubb could do anything. Had it not been for the latter's good work Varsity undoubtedly would have lost.

Line up: Chubb, Lavell, Glanville, Lobston, Clark, Wilson and Dietz.

\* \* \*

### BASKETBALL

The League	Won	Lost	Per cent.
Freshmen.....	2	0	100.0
Uppers.....	4	1	80.0
Theologs.....	3	1	75.0
Sophs.....	1	2	33.0
Matrics.....	1	2	33.0
Arts.....	0	2	0.0

Though the Freshmen are at the top of the league they have only played two games. One of these however was against the Uppers, probably the strongest side in the league.

In the city league Varsity have at last won a match which now places them above the business men. In the match against the business men Varsity scored 48-11, the majority of the baskets belonging to Hotchkiss and Engler.

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\* \* \*

Happy New Year.

\* \* \*

May every day be fraught with hope and cheer,  
And bring a thousand smiles for every tear.

\* \* \*

### ROUSE MIT HIM

He is a mean, ignoble man—  
The meanest cuss that ever was,—  
Who thinks it smart to tell the kids  
That there is no Santa Claus.

\* \* \*

Only 335 days until Christmas!

\* \* \*

'Twas the night before Christmas and man is so fickle,  
That a dollar just looked like an old worn out nickle;  
'Twas the night after Christmas; oh, hear the man holler,  
For a nickle now looks twice as large as a dollar,



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\* \* \*

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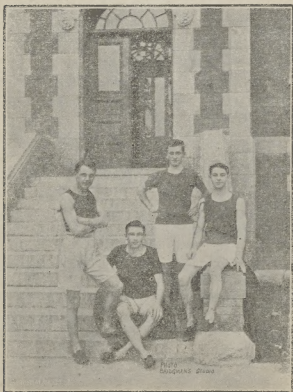
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